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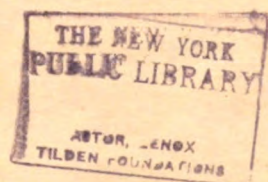
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**EIGHTH YEAR BOOK
THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY**



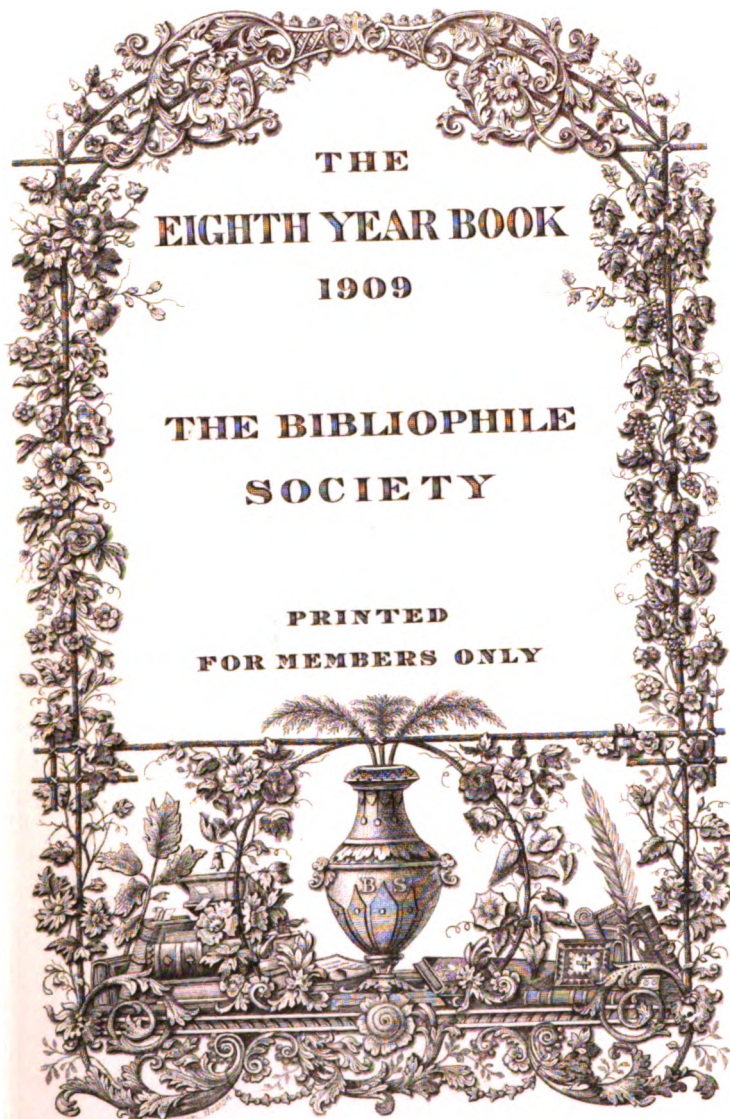


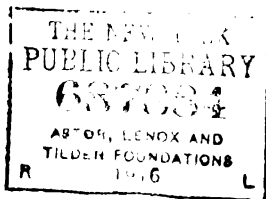


**THE
EIGHTH YEAR BOOK
1909**

**THE BIBLIOPHILE
SOCIETY**

**PRINTED
FOR MEMBERS ONLY**





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COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

BE IT KNOWN, That whereas Nathan Haskell Dole, Henry H. Harper, Charles E. Hurd, J. Arnold Farrer, William D. T. Trefry, John Paul Bocock, and W. P. Trent have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY, for the purpose of the study and promotion of the arts pertaining to fine book making and illustrating, and to the occasional publication of specially designed and illustrated books for distribution among its members at a minimum cost of production, and have complied with the provisions of the statutes of this Commonwealth in such case made and provided, as appears from the certificate of the President, Treasurer, and Directors of said corporation, duly approved by the Commissioner of Corporations, and recorded in this office:

NOW, THEREFORE, I, William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby certify that said Nathan Haskell Dole, Henry H. Harper, Charles E. Hurd, J. Arnold Farrer, William D. T. Trefry, John Paul Bocock, and W. P. Trent, their associates and successors, are legally organized and established as and are hereby made an existing corporation under the name of THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY, with the powers, rights, and privileges, and subject to the limitations, duties, and restrictions which by law appertain thereto.

WITNESS my official signature hereunto subscribed, and the seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts hereunto affixed, this fifth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.



(Signed)

WM. M. OLIN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

OFFICERS—1909

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NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

VICE-PRESIDENT

CHARLES E. HURD

TREASURER

HENRY H. HARPER

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HENRY H. HARPER

J. ARNOLD FARRER

THE ANTHOLOGY CLUB

THE ANTHOLOGY CLUB

So many of our most famous poets and statesmen were born at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century that our eyes instinctively turn back to those early days of the Republic. The centennial jubilees of such men as Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, and Lincoln give good reason for study of the primitive conditions under which they began their brilliant careers.

It happens that the present decade also offers an opportunity to celebrate the birth of a movement which had far-reaching consequences upon the literary, artistic, and scientific development of our whole country.

There are comparatively few persons who have ever heard the name of "The Anthology Club"; still fewer, probably, have ever had the opportunity of glancing at a copy of *The Anthology Magazine*; and yet from that small provincial institution arose by natural growth many of the most important factors of a great American literary and social movement.

One can never tire of the miracle of the grain of mustard seed. Its lesson is always

fresh. It is a stimulus to energy to realize that a slow and insignificant planting may produce a magnificent harvest. The story of The Anthology Club and its success may well encourage other communities in newer regions to lay similar foundations.

A hundred years ago the cities along our coast were scarcely more than overgrown villages. In 1807 New York had a population of 60,000. In 1810 Boston had a few less than 33,000; Philadelphia had 53,722, having almost doubled in twenty years. Communication from place to place was tedious. We who are in touch with the whole world through the telegraph and telephone can have little conception of the stagnation of news at that day, — when it finally arrived it was so stale that it had acquired the flavor of history. Boston for many years, even when it had a population of 60,000, had only one daily paper. When *The Courier* was established in March, 1828, it was regarded as a hazardous experiment and had at first only two hundred subscribers.

Expression seems to be an imperious necessity of human nature. Literary activity is certain to become manifest in any community, and so in New England there had been

sporadic attempts to give it play. Ben Franklin's oldest brother James started the *New England Courant* in 1709. Almanacs of various kinds had served as purveyors of wisdom and wit, repositories of proverbs, and prophets of timely or untimely weather even before that time. Some of them chronicled Indian massacres, though the massacres had happened months before. As early as 1740 *The American Magazine and Historical Quarterly* was established and was continued for more than two years. Typographically it equalled, one might safely say excelled, any of its successors for a century. In 1744 *The Royal American Magazine* was founded. It died in the cradle. Ten years later came *The Boston Magazine*; then in 1789 we find beginning a seven years' lease of life *The Massachusetts Magazine*, which bore the portentous subtitle, *Or Monthly Museum of Knowledge and Rational Entertainment*. The century ended with *The Columbian Phœnix* and *Boston Review*. Whether that "Phoenix" arose from the ashes of some predecessor it is hard to say, but it soon spread its wings and took flight. Other similar and equally unsuccessful ventures followed: *The New England Quarterly* (1802), *The*

Literary Miscellany (1805-6); *The Emerald or Miscellany of Literature* (1806-8); *The Ordeal* (1809); *Something by Nemo* (1809); *The Omnium Gatherum* (1810), and *The Cabinet and Repository of Light Literature* (1811). There were still others, copies of which may be occasionally picked up in the auction-room. *The Panoplist* had the longest lease of life. It continued more or less feebly from 1806 until 1820.

About the time the "Phoenix" was trying its brilliant-colored wings an ambitious young man by the name of Phinehas Adams, the son of one of "the embattled farmers" of Lexington, was preparing to graduate from Harvard College. He had been apprenticed to a paper manufacturer, but the trade was uncongenial to him. He preferred to spoil paper rather than make it. His "passion for elegant learning," to use the expression of Josiah Quincy, attracted the attention of a Mrs. Foster, of Brighton. She furnished him with the means to enter Harvard at the age of twenty, and he was launched upon the stormy waters of the world with his degree of B.A. in 1801.

Two years later, in November, 1803, he established a periodical which he called *The*

Monthly Anthology or Magazine of Polite Literature. It was printed and sold by E. Lincoln on Water Street, Boston. In the first number the leading article, called *The Loiterer*, may perhaps be considered as the American prototype of all the "Taverners," "Listeners" and other *flâneurs* of modern journalism, though of course the idea traced back to Addison and Dick Steele and their lucubrations in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*; or to Samuel Johnson and his *Rambler*. The "Loiterer" was Phinehas himself, who as editor took the pen name of "Sylvanus Per-se."

It has been a rather snobbish fashion to sneer at American landscape. Matthew Arnold found only one picturesque object in his tour of the country. A distinguished Harvard professor has been charged with declaring that we have no hills that are not vulgar. To such jaundiced eyes the ocean viewed from our coast is a little less the ocean than when seen from the other side. But Phinehas Adams was moved to eloquence by what seemed to him our advantages: listen to him:—

"Here august mountains clothed in azure forests rear their mystic heads around the horizon. Rivers, enrolling a host of stream-

lets that wander in antic course from their fountains, are frequently seen marching with proud grandeur to the ocean. The hills and vallies, variegated with bright villages, fruitful fields and pleasant groves, display prospects that far surpass the most lively visions of fancy. These wild and elegant landscapes loudly invoke the imitative powers of the painter. Poetry, the lovely nurse of virtue and taste, if wooed with that ardent assiduity which her exalted dignity requires, would surely delight in this alluring residence." And he goes on: "But with all these incitements to the principal glory of a nation, polite literature and the fine arts have hitherto made a very dilatory progress. . . . Genius has sometimes dawned among us, but its opening brilliancy has been too suddenly obscured by the gloom of night."

He demands "why," and while allowing a prejudice against our own talents, insensibility of taste, and "the predominant sway of avarice," he thinks "the principal cause is the lack of zealous perseverance in the candidates for literary distinction." He charges those that have opportunities and genius with spending their time in apathy and indolence or with the easier pursuit of fortune. He

thereupon introduces himself as intending these literary pursuits for his chief employment.

“ You have found so much graceful gentility in the *Spectator*, such majestic eloquence in the *Rambler*, the engaging deportment of the ‘ Adventurer ’ and so much winning ease in the ‘ American Lounger,’ that it may be deemed presumption in a ‘ Loiterer ’ to aspire to your favor.” He concludes with these words: —

“ The design of these essays is to present to my readers lucubrations on manners and literature, on the improvement of taste and the encouragement of genius.”

Others were urged to co-operate. Among those whose services he enlisted and whose articles or poems appeared in early numbers was William Ellery Channing, who that same year had been ordained as minister of the Federal Street Church and who himself, perhaps too ascetic to feel the glamour of fame, wrote a paper on “ Ambition.” His eldest brother, Francis Dana Channing, a lawyer, contributed articles under the pseudonyms of “ Hector Mowbray,” “ Hugh Trevor,” and “ Boetius.” He satirized the practice of duelling. The Reverend I. Pierce furnished a

number of book-reviews. The editor himself, besides putting forth a number of articles in dignified prose, spreads himself in a lugubrious poem entitled "The Vagrant," the subject of which tells us in trochaic verse how his first wife was burnt to death, how his second wife eloped, how —

" . . . through neglect his needy infant
From the stings of life deceased."

and how he himself embarked all his treasures to a foreign land; but —

" While upon the ocean gliding,
Lawless foes the ship assailed.
We fought bravely, but they triumph'd
And our crew for slaves empaled."

Adams's bid for co-operation must have met with ready response, for in his somewhat didactic colloquies with correspondents he remarks that "several poetical pieces have arrived;" he animadverts severely upon some of them. He says: "Canute's essay on the pride of kings is merely a chaos of words." It was the custom then for editors to have heart-to-heart talks with their contributors. We find John Neal a few years later administering flattery and condemnation in about equal doses to Edgar Allan Poe when he was

beginning to send his poems to *The Yankee*.

In the third number a "contemplated enlargement" of the magazine was mentioned and until then theatrical criticisms were deferred. It was proposed to call this department *The Dramatic Inquisitor*. Unfortunately that project did not bear fruit. In spite of William Ellery Channing's aphorisms and the poems of John Knapp and William Freeman; in spite of the persevering energy of Phineas, *The Monthly Anthology* was a losing venture. The founder was advised to pander to a lower taste by inserting amusing anecdotes and wonderful stories, but he scorned such a degradation of his ideals. No, ran his fulminating refusal, he "heartily disdains to insult his patrons by offering them a gallimaufry of witless jests, silly puns, and nonsensical bon-mots from which the popularity of periodical works too often arises. The primary and invariable purpose of his present undertaking is to open to public notice some specimens of the literary skill of this country, to offer such essays as are furnished with sentimental instruction and rational amusement, to remark on the progress of science and the fine arts, and with various tongues to plead in behalf of virtuous re-

finement." In the sixth number, Phinehas Adams began a serial entitled "Argenis," described as "A Moral and Political Romance." It died still-born. He found that he was hopelessly involved and was obliged to abandon his great ambition. He certainly left his affairs in a state of confusion. He shook the dust of New England from his shoes and after teaching school in the South for a few years he entered the Navy as chaplain and instructor of mathematics in 1811. His scientific attainments were regarded as phenomenal. He accompanied Commodore David Porter on the frigate Essex in his cruise through the Pacific and wrote a "Journal" embodying his adventures in pursuit of the British whale-ships. He was present at the famous one-sided battle of Valparaiso, which Porter reported with the historic words:— "We have been unfortunate, but not disgraced." He was afterwards engaged in an expedition to the West Indies to suppress piracy and there he died in 1823. Phinehas Adams was characterized by "invincible diffidence and an excitable temperament, with great eccentricity of manners," but he was loved and respected for his "warm heart, sound sense, and high purpose."

He must have abandoned his magazine in some haste. Munroe and Francis, of Number Seven, Court Street, discovered the foundling and engaged the Reverend William Emerson to take charge of it. The name was changed. On the cover of the issue of May, 1804, still numbered consecutively and therefore the seventh, it is called *The Monthly Anthology, or Massachusetts Magazine*. The title-page, engraved by Callender, reads:—

THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY | AND |
BOSTON REVIEW | CONTAINING | SKETCHES
AND REPORTS | OF | PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION, HIS-
TORY | ARTS AND MANNERS | OMNES UNDIQUE
FLOSCULOS CARPAM ATQUE DELIBEM.

William Emerson, who had already been a contributor, felt considerable reluctance about taking charge of this time-consuming venture. In an explanatory note he says:—
“Its patrons are informed that the editor had but a short time to arrange the scarce materials which the former office supplied and make the selections necessary to complete the seventh number.” He requests “the easy writer of ‘The Pursuit of Happiness’—that was a poem by John Knapp—the glowing ‘Studiosus’—in other words, F. D. Channing, who had been attacking Harvard

manners and customs in a manner the tradition of which has come down to the newspapers of our own day — and the glowing author of the 'Collectanea' to renew and continue their favors. He will indeed gratefully receive and carefully enroll all judicious communications relating to the sciences and arts of the country; interesting accounts of illustrious characters, especially of such as are American; moral essays; ecclesiastical tracts; poetry; original remarks on new publications; mathematical calculations; important commercial notices; political speculations, temperately written; meteorological observations; and anything valuable which serves to develop the natural, theological, or civil history of Massachusetts and to enrich the annals of Columbian literature."

The page divides itself into two columns. The sporadic and unnecessary *u* creeps into such words as *honor* and *favor*. On every page there is evidence of a bright and alert intelligence in charge.

The Reverend William Emerson, who is at the present time remembered chiefly by his *chef d'œuvre*, his son Ralph Waldo Emerson, was indeed a remarkable man, and had he lived a long life would have made a deep and

permanent mark in our annals. He was only forty-two when he died. He was the descendant of a long line of preachers and pioneers. One of his first American ancestors was the Reverend Peter Bulkeley, a learned Fellow of Saint John's College, of a wealthy and distinguished family. Coming to America in order to escape the persecutions of Archbishop Laud, he was one of the founders of Concord. His granddaughter married the Reverend Joseph Emerson, the pioneer parson of Mendon, who narrowly escaped massacre by the Indians. Their son Edward Emerson was deacon of the first church of Newbury and married Rebecca Waldo. Their son Joseph was the learned minister of Malden. He used to pray that none of his descendants might be rich. His son William was the brilliant, eloquent, and poetical young minister of Concord who built the Old Manse, which Nathaniel Hawthorne made famous in literature. His son, William the second, was born at Concord in 1769, and was graduated from Harvard in 1789. His grandfather's prayer having been fulfilled, he kept the wolf from the door by teaching school, and after a brief course in Divinity was ordained as minister in the town of Harvard, where he

received an annual salary of \$350, paid in a currency constantly depreciating. He was of a gay and festive nature, but having reluctantly entered the ministry felt it his duty to reproach himself for spending too much time in singing and practising on the bass viol. After his marriage he was compelled by his inheritance of poverty to sell his musical instrument or else burn it for fire-wood, while his wife took boarders. He wrote, "We are poor and cold and have little meal and little wood and little meat, but thank God, courage enough." He varied his occupation by teaching school and looking after Harvard students that were sequestered for lack of attention to their studies or for petty misdemeanors. He also carried on a farm. By means of tact and persuasion he induced the town to raise his salary to \$580, which in purchasing power was scarcely more than his former stipend. In 1799 he was called to Boston where his occasional sermons had attracted attention. The church at Harvard at first refused to relinquish his valuable services, so the First Church agreed to pay them the sum of \$1000 for him. This gave rise to the epigram which was current from mouth to mouth: —

**"Farewell, Old Brick, Old Brick farewell!
You bought your minister and sold your bell."**

It was an office of commanding influence, dignity, and importance. As a preacher he was distinguished for his melodious voice and careful utterance. His sermons were long and labored, as was the fashion in that time, divided into the proper number of "heads." He was tall, handsome, fair, with lightly tinted cheeks; honest and frank, graceful and fluent in prayer, when it was an art to address the Almighty. His salary was fourteen dollars a week; he was given the use of a dwelling and was furnished with twenty cords of wood. In 1809 his salary was increased to \$2500 and thirty cords of wood. He was a great man for society and frequently "dined abroad" as the expression ran. He was interested in everything that was going on and played a leading part in all the public occasions where Religion had to take her place with politics.

Such was the man who was to add to his other manifold duties the editorship of the young magazine. His pen furnished the preface to the first bound volume of the Monthly:

"Although we have the feelings of a parent for the publication before us," it ran, "yet

it may be proper to declare to the world, that it is not indebted to us for its birth, nor was it born in our house. We knew neither its father nor its mother, nor hardly of its existence, until, naked, hungry, and helpless, it was brought and laid at our door. Pity for its orphan state bade us, for the moment, give it shelter and nourishment. In proportion as it engaged our care, it won our affections. We began to provide for its maintenance; and what we were unable to afford ourselves was supplied by the contributions of charity. It seemed grateful for the care of its patrons and tried to reward our beneficence by its smiles and prattle. The older it grew the more it was caressed. We carried it into the parlours of our friends who, praising it as a child of beauty and promise, predicted its eminence in the world. . . . We are daily introducing him to the acquaintance of the wise and good, and laying plans to give him an excellent education. It is our intention to have him instructed in several ancient and modern languages, matriculated in two or three universities and versed in almost every art and science. He shall be associated with all our learned and humane societies and made a corresponding member of some very

respectable institutions abroad. To the advantages of a home education he shall enjoy privileges from travelling. . . . He shall not be destitute of the manners of a gentleman nor a stranger to genteel amusements. He shall attend Theatres, Museums, Assemblies, Balls, &c., and whatever polite diversions the town may furnish; so that, while he is familiar with the lore of books and the wisdom of ages, his dress and conversation shall borrow mode and graces of the most polished circles of society. . . .

“As he acquires age and importance and as long as we retain our parental influence, we venture to promise that he shall often reveal his knowledge of natural history and philosophy, of logick and theology, mathe-maticks and poetry, of law and medicine. As his very liberal education will peculiarly fit him for the task, he shall read and review the most important literary productions of our country and candidly give his opinion of their worth. He will take an exact note of the works of literature, . . . the progress of the arts . . . and the state of publick concerns; and be so far a politician as to be a judicious biographer of the great and a persecutor of the ambitious. Versatile, without

being unprincipled, he will visit the hall of Congress — record doings of State legislatures, — follow the field preacher with the fanatical, attend ordinations, weddings and funerals, gaze at the stars, keep a diary of the weather, observe whatever is worth observation, relate clearly what he hears, testify boldly what he knows, now open his mouth in parables, now in proverbs, and speak of beasts, fowls, fishes, reptiles and of 'trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.' He will in fine traffick with the merchant, contrive with the artisan, plough lands with the farmer, seas with the sailor, make songs with the lover, let no flower of the spring pass by him, and crown himself with rose buds before they be withered."

The preface concluded with prognostications of the prodigy's longevity and a mock heroic and yet evidently sincere animadversion on his career: "should he turn philosopher in science, heretick in religion, empirick in nosology," or do other disgraceful things.

The program thus laid out in such an amusing and lively fashion, with so much wit and eloquence, was certainly broad and liberal and might well be taken as a pattern

for a modern journal. It is rather surprising that the minister of the First Church of the old Puritan town should be willing to recognize the theatre or condescend to speak well of dancing. But already Liberality was stirring in the air. It was a long call back to the day when inoffensive "Friends" were expelled from Boston or whipped on the bare back at the tail of a cart.

The new editor enlisted a number of young men to aid him in conducting the magazine. For this purpose a Society was formed, — informally at first. It existed for more than a year without any regular organization, Arthur Maynard Walter, Walter Smith Shaw, and Joseph Buckminster were finally appointed a committee to prepare a constitution. This was accepted and signed, after some discussion, on October 3, 1805. John Sylvester John Gardiner was the first president; William Emerson was vice-president; A. M. Walter, secretary; W. S. Shaw, treasurer. Mr. Emerson had found that his multifarious duties and interests prevented him from keeping at the helm, so Samuel Cooper Thacher was appointed responsible editor.

"The Society thus formed," says Josiah Quincy, "maintained its existence for about

six years and issued ten octavo volumes from the press, constituting one of the most lasting and honorable monuments of the taste and literature of the period. Its labors may be considered as a true revival of polite learning in this country, after that decay and neglect, which resulted from the distractions of the Revolutionary War, and as forming an epoch in the intellectual history of the United States."

The original members were fourteen. Every member was supposed to write either voluntarily or by vote. They met once a week and discussed the manuscripts offered and decided which should be accepted and which rejected. They then enjoyed a simple supper. It is said that during all the years of the Society's existence no Boston lady ventured to give a dinner-party on "Anthology night," because the most desirable gentlemen would most likely be engaged in that mildly convivial and important function. It was indeed an important enterprise and the young men concerned could scarcely have realized what tremendous consequences were to spring from the seeds that they then sowed. It is not saying too much to assert that a large part of the intellectual advantages which have

made Boston preëminent are directly due to what was initiated by The Anthology Club a century ago.

The Society had not been incorporated twenty days before it planned to form a library. At the meeting held on the twenty-third of October, 1805, a resolution to this effect offered by Emerson was passed. Several members contributed gifts of valuable volumes and thus was instituted what is now the second largest library in Boston. In May of the following year the Society voted to establish a reading-room. Sixteen hundred dollars were immediately subscribed and the Anthology Reading-room became a reality. By the next June the Club was enlarged to nineteen members and it was proposed to place the Library and Reading-room under a charter. The Athenæum of Liverpool, which had been in successful operation since 1798, was taken as a model, and it was decided to devote the profits of the Monthly to the purchase of books and periodicals. Their ideal was a public library — “one of those institutions of which every scholar in most parts of our country feels the want — which our government, from its nature, does not comprise within its cares — and which nothing but

the industry and munificence of individuals will establish and supply."

J. S. Buckminster, who happened to be abroad, wrote from Liverpool, giving the highest encomiums to the institution established in that city. As a result of his report five trustees were appointed, and these gentlemen, William Emerson, John Thurston Kirkland, Peter O. Thacher, W. S. Shaw, and Arthur M. Walter associated with themselves Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, Judge Davis, John Lowell, Robert H. Gardiner, John S. Buckminster, and Obadiah Rich, and on the first day of January, 1807, published their plan. They announced that they had one hundred and sixty subscribers, that they had taken rooms in Joy's Building on Congress Street, and that they had already on their shelves more than a thousand volumes. The institution was to combine the advantages of a public library, containing the great works of learning and science in all languages, with a reading-room furnished with all the celebrated political, literary, and commercial journals of the day, foreign and domestic. It was incorporated on the thirteenth of February. One hundred and fifty shares at \$300 each were immedi-

ately taken, giving a fund of \$45,000. The original draft of the constitution, in the handwriting of John Lowell, shows that it was at first designed to erect a suitable building, but the premonitory symptoms of war with Great Britain caused the trustees to act cautiously. Rooms were leased in Scollay's Building, which was later torn down. In 1809 they purchased a house of Doyle and Brown on Tremont Street on the site afterwards occupied by the Suffolk Savings Bank. It cost \$9,000. When John Quincy Adams sailed for Russia that same year he gave the new institution his library consisting of 5,450 books, thus doubling the collection. In 1822 it was moved to Pearl Street where the house belonging to James Perkins had been bequeathed to the corporation. The present building was erected in 1849 and contains 234,000 volumes, many pamphlets, and perhaps 10,000 rare manuscripts. It controls funds amounting to \$627,000, and its land and building are worth at least half a million more.

The original plan for the Athenæum developed wider and wider activities. Emerson, who laid out such an all-embracing program for *The Anthology Magazine*, was quick to see vast possibilities. It should include a

museum of curiosities, a cabinet of minerals, a laboratory, a repository of the Fine Arts, and a hall for public lectures. The paintings, many of them of great historical value, which came into the possession of the Athenæum, formed the nucleus of the present priceless collection open to the public in the Boston Art Museum, and which with the other treasures make it one of the richest in the world. It may well regard William Emerson as its patron saint. The proposal to include courses of lectures among the public services of the Athenæum bore fruit in a somewhat unexpected way. One of the most enthusiastic members was John Lowell, a son of Francis Cabot Lowell, the first American manufacturer of cotton on a large scale. Having accumulated an ample fortune, he retired from business and devoted his time to extensive foreign travel. He died in Bombay at the early age of thirty-seven and left half of his estate — a sum amounting to \$250,000, for the establishment of free public lectures. These were first opened in the year 1839, and have been continued uninterruptedly for seventy years. The laboratory, which the Athenæum never itself undertook to inaugurate, might perhaps be recognized in the scientific

work carried on by the Institute of Technology. This may be fanciful, but it was certainly in embryo in Emerson's fertile imagination.

The Athenæum Library is not a free public institution. It may be frequented only by its shareholders and those to whom they offer its advantages. The founders, however, undoubtedly had the idea of a free library, and it is no great stretch of the facts to trace Boston's great institution on Copley Square, with its twenty-eight branches, as the outgrowth, by induction at least, of the philanthropic plan of the associates of William Emerson.

The Boston Public Library was not established until 1848. But Mayor Josiah Quincy, son of President Quincy of Harvard University, the year before had offered a conditional gift of \$5,000 for a public library on the plan proposed by a French ventriloquist named Vattermarre and known throughout Europe as Monsieur Alexandre. Vattermarre, who was an enthusiastic collector, had conceived the notion of an exchange of books among the libraries of the world. Between 1847 and 1851 he brought from France to various American libraries not less than 30,655 books, besides maps, engravings, and other treasures. It

is said that he represented not less than one hundred and fifty European libraries. His project for a public library in Boston was discussed at a meeting of young men called by Mayor Quincy in April, 1841, and was warmly received by a mass meeting a few days later, on the fifth of May. His lofty ideal, quite in line with the pronunciamiento of the Athenæum coterie, was "to give the intellectual treasures of the cultivated world the same dissemination and equalization which commerce had already given to the material ones, the outcome of which was to be the establishment in every quarter of the world of free public libraries and museums ever open to the people."

The financial disturbances caused by the war of 1812 brought *The Anthology Magazine* to an untimely end. The ten octavo volumes, which may be found treasured in a few of the historic houses of Boston, or in the hands of collectors, are indeed a splendid literary monument to Emerson and his friends. The minutes of the Anthology meetings are preserved and give an interesting picture of the intellectual life of the day. There are at least two sets of the magazine with the names of the contributors pencilled against

each article. So the history of that interesting and most suggestive intellectual movement is fully obtainable.

Just as we may amuse ourselves in connecting the public library, the Lowell lectures, the Institute of Technology, the Art Museum, and the Natural History Rooms, in fact, everything else intellectual, — even Unitarianism, — with the Anthology Club, and in last analysis, with William Emerson, so may we by an easy leap attach *The Anthology Magazine* to the *North American Review*, which was founded as a bi-monthly in May, 1815, under the editorship of William Tudor. In 1818 it became a quarterly published by Willard & Phillips and enlisted in its service E. T. Channing, Edward Everett, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Bancroft, and many another well-known name.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is assuredly the offspring of the *North American Review* and carries on the traditions of the vigorous “foundling” of William Emerson’s nurture.

Such is the succinct history of an intellectual movement which ought to be an inspiration to every young community. It shows what may be accomplished by the association of fertile minds. Every little village may

rival it. The day of small things is not to be despised. A word spoken at the right moment is often fertile in mighty results. A great poet, an inspiring philosopher, a world-renowned philanthropist, an epoch-making scientist, may spring from some village where a smaller institution than The Anthology Club is beginning a struggling existence. One might say that the smallest village may suddenly grow into a prosperous centre. How fortunate if the seed of culture is already planted!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.